

# Pilot Light

By Glenn Currier

Today the pain is strong  
it is a gravelly nagging voice  
speaking its own foreign tongue  
or no tongue at all just groans  
or whimpers, or random unexpected wails  
but it is there  
an unseen, unending presence  
an implanted  
galling calling  
thorn.

She has been corrected  
a hundred times  
always with the idle reply "sorry"  
seemingly  
to placate and deflect  
another chide.  
Is she unable to learn  
or just unwilling?  
I have taken into me  
her and her flaw  
a scratching  
bedeviling  
claw.

Oh! the stories each of us could tell  
a million moments of our little hell  
but just as sure as those thorns  
haunt us and bore inside  
there also light abides  
like current ready at the outlet

we can plug in when we're beset  
by fear, fatigue, and folly  
or bouts with melancholy  
maybe that's what they call grace  
maybe inside of us there's a sacred space  
where we can make our retreat  
where our soul and circumstance can meet.

Being human  
means having both darkness and light  
always the dark is ready to bite  
and pull us under  
tearing our lives asunder.  
Busy with a hundred tasks  
playing our roles wearing our masks  
we forget the calm within  
and the deeper force under our skin.

The butterfly flutters by  
snowflakes and autumn fall from the sky  
we giggle with the little child  
we brush up against the wild  
write a poem, hear a song  
breathe cool air sing along.  
These tiny moments of grace  
should remind us to embrace  
and fan and make bright  
the flame from that Pilot Light.

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